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THE
PURRINGS
OF THE *JK*
CITY MOWZERS;

OF
NAPPER
ESCAPED FROM THE MAN-TRAP:

A CIVIC ECLOGUE.

Exhibiting a choice scrap of Tea-Table Scandal,

BETWEEN

TABBY, a CHEROKEE,
AND OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS INDIVIDUALS.

Respectfully Dedicated to his Majesty's

S—r G—l.

BY A FRIEND TO PRIVILEGE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN ODE ON A PAIR OF
COMBUSTIBLE SMALL-CLOATHS;
ADDRESSED TO THE SAME.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

THE MINING

CITY OF NEW YORK

IN A P. R.

ESCAPED FROM THE DEATH TRAP

A CIVIC RECORD

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

BY THE

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AND OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

BY THE

BY A FRIEND TO THE HISTORY

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN OUTLINE OF A HISTORY

COMBUSTIBLE SMALL CLOATHS

A HISTORY OF THE CITY

DUBLIN

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

1851

T H E
PURRINGS OF THE CITY MOWZERS;
O R,
N A P P E R
ESCAPED FROM THE MAN-TRAP:
A CIVIC ECLOGUE.

THE winter come in busy town,
The show'rs fast float the streets adown,
While misses nice the rills bestride,
And beauteous legs o'erstep the tide;
Gay is the shew of gracefull belles,
And fashion spreads her wily spells.

But chiefly should the muse display
The great events of stormy day,
When on the rise of ESSEX-BRIDGE,
By paviers rais'd into a ridge,
The dames by sons of fun prevail'd

B

To

To pass, are by rude blasts assail'd ;
 Their swollen hoops obey the gale,
 And all the pomp of form reveal.
 Still fiercer howls the storm at eve,
 And rain descends as through a sieve ;
 Poor beaus extend their parasols,
 And clatt'ring hackney hideous rolls.
 Apace the rumblings now approach,
 And thund'ring rap proclaims a coach.

In walks Miss TAB, a sad antique,
 A smile distorts her pallid cheek ;
 And next the belle, a flaming beau,
 And widow in her weeds of woe ;
 While snug perdue just by the fire,
 Sate JOE an honest country squire ;
 Who starting seiz'd the puppy's fist,
 And roundly shook his muff'd wrist,
 Whose filken hose as white as snow,
 O'erhung by knots of Coquelicoe, (a)
 Produc'd the simple man's surprize,
 Who stood aghast with eager eyes,
 Until my lady thro' compassion
 Releas'd th'unlucky Imp of Fashion.

MRS.

(a) This is a fashionable colour of ribbands with which the Irish
 Cherokees adorn their knee-bands and shoes with large bunches.

MRS. FREEMAN.

My dear, pray pull the bell for John,
And let's have tea, or we're undone.

The hissing kitchen foon appeared,
Aud ma'am and TAB felt haply chear'd;
A pot of Wedgewood's blackest ware
Contrasted madam's fingers fair.

MRS. FREEMAN,

Danniel, Miss, the public say
Is quite the stile in choos'ing tea;
From sugar I have not refrain'd,
Though shun'd as if with blood disdain'd.

MISS TAB,

Dear Ma'am that negroe pamphleteer
On us poor females how severe; (a)
He's some atrocious wicked male
Who wrote to hurt the India Sale;
How could he rail at wholesome food?
Knowing we ladies shrink at blood;
Or what in purse or credit gain
By saving black-skin'd men from pain;
Such hideous forms! can they be men?
Or subject fit for modish pen?

B 2

CHEROKEE,

(a) The writer certainly can mean no other severity, than that of humanity, in centuring a commerce in which the consumer of the commodity ultimately pays the price of human blood.

CHEROKEE.

Who ever gave a negro merit,
 No soul had he of rank or spirit;
 He from the common clayey stuff
 Deriv'd his form base and rough,
 Of coarse materials vulgar mien,
 And never at Rotunda seen;
 Some base inglorious busy bee
 Unknown as Blood, or Cherokee.

JOE.

Ah cousin dear you're very droll,
 But pray have negroes any soul?

CHEROKEE.

No soul of fun, no soul of fire,
 Poor footy clods without desire,
 They're slaves, they're poor, they till the soil,
 Their blackness to our white's a foil;
 What sense have they of peers, or knights,
 All peasant boors, all wretched wights;
 What's Negro Chief to glorious King?
 From whom all noble honours spring.

JOE.

But if per chance that king was mad,
 Who gave a peerage to your dad.

CHEROKEE.

CHEROKEE.

Yes, mad, or drunk, 'tis all the same,
Not ought can injure royal fame;
He only dares to rule the roaft,
Who royal favours had, can boast.

JOB.

Not yours the honours which you bear
At second hand the kings you wear.

CHEROKEE.

'Tis true we hail prerogative,
And by commission grandly live;
Yet cit, or rustic, who dare wage
War with sacred privilege.

JOB.

Aye, aye, with that the folks you bandy,
Nor have you spar'd—BOLD NAPPER TANDY.

CHEROKEE.

Who yields up privilege is a sneaker,
Although he were a noble speaker;
By this, though all men cry out, fie on,
The lamb is rear'd to feed the lion;
'Tis practis'd by the very wolf (a),

Lose

(a) In the language of our great poet Shakspeare this should be spelled WOLF.

Lose this we're swallowed in a gulf;
 By this our pliant law disposes.
 Of white mens' ears, and negroes noses.

JOB,

In rustic marts, this I can tell,
 Our sheep, and cows, we freely sell,
 And for good prices part our hogs;
 Ne, so some good squires sell their dogs;
 You members too may buy up votes,
 With guineas or with good bank notes;
 But men so bought upon by word
 I never knew, e'en by a lord,

CHEROKEE.

That wicked varlet hoary time,
 Has jumbled ev'ry place and clime;
 By lapse of years the vassal cit,
 Has riches heaped and with it wit;
 And like that prating rascal Paine
 On envied birth affix'd a stain:
 Yet time there was when lords and kings
 Made sale of cities and such things;
 Ne, sold their vassals by the score,
 (May heaven this privilege restore)
 When Tandy, Paine's dear cater cousin,
 Would not have fetch'd of groats a dozen,
 Though ancestors of wealth and bounty,
 Some say he had in Meath's good county.

MISS

MISS.

About the town its flatly told,
 He had a grand-father of old,
 In Parli'ment a worthy member,
 Who rolled to town just in December ;
 Yet so the wheel of fortune turns
 This graceless offspring priv'lege spurns.

MR. FREEMAN.

As Satan helps his vilest imps,
 So priv'lege props its meanest pimps ;
 'Tis pow'r protects his own abettors,
 And deals them priv'lege if they're debtors (a):
 What tip-staff bold or justice dare,
 With priv'lege wage unequal war ;
 'Tis fashioned only for the great,
May TANDY rend this veil of state.

MISS TAB.

He has betray'd his great ancestry,
 And Common's house degrades to vestry.

MRS. FREEMAN.

My senses heaven may protect,
 Do you his grand-fire recollect ?

MISS

(a) It is truly difficult to discern of what use privilege can be to debtors. Privilege is undefined,—hence it can not be freedom from arrests.

MISS TAB.

Who me, pray ma'am d'ye think me old ?
Or wrinkled ; ma'am you mean to scold.

MR. FREEMAN:

Oh priv'lege, priv'lege guards the sex,
Nor shall your faces age perplex,
Nor on your cheeks a seam be seen,
Still flourish ever, ever-green.

MISS.

Sir, when with age my frame shall shake,
My trembling neighbours sure may quake.

CHEROKEE.

In common Miss, I find we suffer,
And priv'lege seems a mighty puffer ;
Nor pity rises, since you've told
Of TANDY'S merit, known of old ;
For though the grand-fire's course is run,
If noble, honor waits the son :—
Yet though for cent'ries 'midst the stones
Shut up, have lain his aged bones ;
Deep rooted from their bed of earth,
Collected to the prison's hearth ;
May scorching fire their form consume,
To hasten NAPPER TANDY'S doom,
On grid-ir'n form'd of New-gates bars ;

While

While Cox the light of heaven debars;
May TANDY roast while Cherokees
Tho' drunk, shall stammer, who dare sneeze?

MRS. FREEMAN.

Sir—Miss—good Joe—a truce I pray,
This conversation cools our tea.

JOE.

Good Cherokee pray don't forget
YOU'RE MAN;—and men you know must eat:
Full often have I heard it said,
Priv'lege descends to butter bread.

CHEROKEE.

Oh privilege, thou darling child
Of regal glory, how defil'd!
How bandied by all vulgar tongues,
Subject of COONEY'S weekly songs;
Of pow'r thou art the ev'ning star,
A lamp to light viceregal car;
Or follow triumph in gold coach,
Thy fertile fields shall TANDY poach?
Forbid it council, proclamation,
Forbid it nobles of the nation;
Forbid it lawless lords of thunder,
Nor fear a record of your blunder (a);

C

Forbid

(a) Our poet is here obscure, and it remains to surmise who the Lord may be whose ignorance is recorded.

Forbid it law or yet pretence,
 Forbid it boasting petulence;
 Impromptu law should be decisive,
 Though threaten'd by a *Letter Missive* (a).
 Guardians of the nation's purse,
 See you not that wizards curse?
 The prophecy of canting Paine,
 Approach to bound your golden reign:
 You see, and yet abash'd you stand,
 The grasp of power quits your hand;
 You see the peoples' strength unite,
 You see the dawn of social light;—
 All this you see, and yet you stand,
 While patriots curse your palsied hand.
 What means the soldiers rise of pay?
 And then the Barrack-street affray?
 What mean the thousands issued forth,
 To bribe th' Apostles of the north?
 What means the bold decree, *DIVIDE*;
 If miscreant citizens deride;
 If BUTLER, ROWAN, TANDY, TONE,
 Extract your sting and call you drone.
 Not policy can aught avail,
 While ORELLANA loads the gale
 Witn' complaints, that wound the harrow'd soul:
 Soft pity's tear, can force controul?

Infectious

(a) This is another obscurity, unless it alludes to the process instituted by the UNITED IRISH MEN.

Infectious pity eyes the slave,
 Nor can KENMARE from ruin save;
 While freedom's children prosper so,
 Led by this Irish Mirabeau.
 Or if that pleasant wight M'NALLY,
 Endew'd with all the power to rally;
 Or with the claws of tyger cat,
 Smothers your councils as a rat:
 Or if M'KENNA—Priestly's friend,
 Your iron sceptre's strength, can bend.
 Pray what avail your strong decrees?
 If Paine's last pamphlet makes you freeze;
 If thus to patriot threats you bend,
 I dread the post will be your end.
 What fiend of hell; malicious sprite!
 Has clouded all your heads with night.
 Oh why admit this theme, UNITE.

MR. FREEMAN.

Oh may they ever know delight,
 Who taught this heavenly law, UNITE;—
 UNITE says daring Cock o'North,
 And leads poor shiv'ring Peter forth (a);
 UNITE says Martin, brothers twain,
 And we shall be ourselves again:
 Are we the sons of one great god?

C 2

And

(a) In the writings of Mr. Slashtem, Peter personates the Roman Catholic;—a remarkable coincidence with the genius of Swift.

And hold for each the smarting rod?
 And make our brother wear his chain,
 To deck a viceroy's needy reign!
 This law came from our fire above,
 "That we should feel a brother's love."
 And yet oh pardon the defect,
 What ills arose from the neglect!
 Three hundred years with fire and sword,
 Have we oppos'd a father's word;
 And sullied o'er our fertile plains,
 With human blood and limbs in chains:—
 But now behold the dawn of light,
 And heaven itself proclaims, UNITE;
 And if from heaven a cheering ray,
 Has shone to guide us on our way,
 Oh cherish well the vital gleam,
 And fan it BROTHERS to a flame.

CHEROKEE.

No—discord on your UNION fall,
 And may the weakest find the wall;
 While your admir'd City Sage,
 Finds rest in COX'S IRON-CAGE (a),
 Where chain'd as in the Royal Tower,
 The beast shall feel the weight of power;
 And

(a) The prosecution of Mr. Tandy, and his associates, in the cause of liberty, hangs over to next session; a striking instance of lenity in government.

And while the iron rusts his soul,
 Shall cox's eyes with pleasure roll,
 Nor felons' keeper made in vain,
 Whose heart ne'er felt a sufferers pain;
 Still TANDY's sorrows he'll prolong,
 And ratling chains shall time his song.

MR. FREEMAN.

Forbid it heaven, if e'er thy hand
 In mercy rais'd a prostrate band;
 Gall'd with the chains of foreign foes,
 For ever drown'd in civil woes—
 With hearts of ranc'rous superstition,
 We never felt our base condition,
 Each wretch betray'd his neighbours rights,
 For bigots, discord has delights;
 This madness TANDY has condemn'd,
 For many years this torrent stem'd;
 Shall he who calls you all his friends,
 And all your jarring tenets blends,
 Who asks no more to bless his days,
 Than honest tribute of your praise:—
 Shut from the day-light shall he pine
 O'er evils, which are truly thine?
 No—sooner let us quit this stage,
 Than yield him up to glut your rage,
 A martyr to your privilege.
 This privilege, where is it found?

On

On earth or heaven, or under ground?
 If law—where wrote? If sense—defin'd?
 How suits it with a thinking mind?
 Mysterious, under sable cloak,
 Unseen, unknown, good Sir, a joke.
 Whate'er on earth, or seas, or skies,
 Or swims, or walks, or swiftly flies,
 Is known by property's defin'd
 By sense presented to the mind;
 Of which ideas are impressions
 We represent by our professions.
 And whether in writing or debate
 Associations we relate;
 And how, and where, and when combin'd
 Afford ideas well defin'd.
 No fancy therefore can dispell
 Of language that unmeaning swell
 Which hints a something undefin'd,
 And therefore never had in mind,
 For all things which have met the light
 Are known to be, in fact, finite.

But if these empty childish sounds
 Portend that priv'lege has no bounds,
 The terms defin'd,—DESPOTIC,—still,
 Power is bounded by the will;
 And though of immense dimension,
 Falls within our comprehension.

Not

Not so a power undefin'd,
Which mocks the limits of the mind;
A riddle this; and so when solv'd
This mighty priv'lege is dissolv'd.

CHEROKEE.

A riddle,—true,—to vulgar minds
Whose notions vary with the winds;
Or, this same myst'ry you deplore
The mob would bow, to and adore.
That set *United Irishmen*,
Have shot at state the sharpest pen,
And taught you fools to your surprise,
That you may see with open eyes.
All quiet people fond of peace,
Should only think of their own ease;
Priv'lege was never made for them,
The branches they, but we're the stem,
To what effect their thoughts mispend,
On what they can not comprehend.

JOE.

Believe me cousin, that the rabble
In this same muddy subject dabble,
Nor let my words create surprise,
Your privilege they exercise:—
Nay those admire, who scarcely see
The feats of lordly Cherokee;

And

And emulate in getting drunk.
 The noblest beau or royal punk :
 And though you arrogate such state,
 When tipsy think themselves as great ;
 What if of gallows fear you're free,
 Yet, in restraint, they share your glee.
 You nobly knock poor old men down,
 And like the monster 'larm the town (a) ;
 On helpless pates your vengeance bend,
 But manly figures ne'er offend.

Combining taylors recreate
 In crowds by mangling all they meet,
 Yet they are objects of the law
 While you despise its partial claw.
 If privilege extends much farther,
 We'll be cut up to fill your larder.

MISS TAB, (to Cherokee).

You've made a noise indeed in town,
 But pray dont knock the ladies down ;
 Of privilege we have our share,
 There's no contending with the fair :
 Yet some misses, how forlorn !
 Have met your blows and frowns of scorn (b).

If

(a) The Monster was an English Cherokee, and was hanged.

(b) It is rumoured, that a poor young lady, in Kilkenny, refusing to submit to some liberties offered by a Cherokee, was by him boxed on the face, and spit at.—Not so bad as the Monster !

If this bespeaks your noble birth,
 If cruel thus your tricks of mirth,
 I fear your power's in the wane,
 And recommend you to read Paine.

Yet men of birth perhaps are nice,
 And we should be demure as mice;
 To pow'r so great, all, all should bend,
 Nor acts of noble souls offend :—
 Oh that sad surly—NAPPER TANDY,
 Would never bear, no—no—he'd hand ye,
 What wonder that such insolence,
 To Commons' House, should give offence;
 And that polite Solicitor,
 Favourite of the God of War,
 Should hate his fiercely scowling brow,
 Think him uncouth as any fow—
 For sins against nobility,
 Sad man of no civility.

MRS. FREEMAN.

The hideous man he's quite uncouth,
 Has no respect for noble youth,
 Nor yet for ladies big with child—
 What pritty infants have been kill'd
 By firing off his monstrous guns—
 Their noise so great my senses stuns.

D

MISS

MISS TAB.

Indeed there's nothing can be louder
 And some dont like the smell of powder,
 For this its said he was bound over—
 Solicitor is now in clover:
 Poor man he could not mind his term,
 (So fierce was TANDY, yet so firm).
 Lord how they puff'd him off in town,
 And hawk'd his prowess up and down;
 Yet so it happen'd in the end,
 The justice was his warmest friend;
 For this they say he'll gain the bench,
 But should his prospects TANDY quench,
 His wicked arm the lord retrench.

MRS. FREEMAN.

Strange cause of grief and then of fun
 How all bewail, and how all run,
 At play-house too the're all gone crazy
 And OWENSON's bold Corp'ral Casey,
 The very NAPPER TANDY means
 The devil take him for his pains.

MISS TAB.

Oh ma'am I really was alarm'd
 Yet now, thank god, he is disarm'd.
 Your tea methinks is very strong,
 Look in the tea-pot something's wrong.

MRS.

MRS. FREEMAN.

The regicide, I cant dissemble,
He makes my frame so shake and tremble,
Lord save the Empress of all Russia,
I fear for the good King of Prussia,
They hate I'm sure the Rights of Man,
I think you must approve their plan;
That TANDY rates the lives of kings
As cheap as any vulgar things,
And says 'twas conquest gave command
And gain'd by force this our good land;
So kings as robbers earn'd fame,
While mangled justice fled for shame.

MISS TAB.

Yes ma'am, they say he daily writes
Such thoughts as boldest rage indites;
To one sad fellow, Jack Coup Tete,
The Pope's dread Police Magistrate.
In this he has some vile abettors,
Or Mr. LESS would stop his letters;
In stratagem he is no novice
Whose seals unbroke, can pass the office.

MRS. FREEMAN.

Dear Miss, this TANDY in the dark
So good his aim, would hit his mark :—
Yet here I vow to see her shrine

Should he dispatch great Catharine ;
 A cancer she has got its said,
 As she reclined on downy bed,
 By some base friend of TANDY's cause,
 (Soon may he feel th' offended laws);
 Some vile machine he has exported,
 And with the Empress life has sported,
 Some instrument of Dublin steel,
 Such daggers should her Highness feel ?

That JONNY FERNS from eve to dawn,
 So warbles DARBY HOULAHAUN (a),
 I always curf'd that traitrous gun,
 With which was shot the harmless nun,
 But now I know he's TANDY's friend,
 On mortal man who can depend ?
 I know by these his dismal strains
 The Empress Kate's sad death he means.

MISS TAB.

Defend me from the wiles of man,
 And yet, escape such art who can ?

JOB

(a) In the dismal ballad here alluded to, and so pathetically sung by Mr. F———, it is set forth;—that Mr. O'Houlauna lived near a Nunnery;—that he pursued one of the innocent nuns, who was walking on his lawn, with his great gun in his hand; that she fell down, and he instantly shot her as she lay, delighting himself with the contemplation of her expiring agonies.

JOE.

Not fate your virgin charms can save,
Nor yet the Cherokees so brave,
Nor any other though a grandee
If e'er you meet great gunner TANDY.

MISS TAB.

Say wont he spare my tender years,
Nor yet regard my sighs and tears,
Will he despise a virgin's pray'r,
And plung my soul in deep despair.

JOE.

Of Eve he thinks you are a daughter,
And with a shot twixt wind and water,
Your balance he will over-set,
So lord a'mercy then,—dont fret.

MISS TAB.

No——now I feel no more surprize
How archly he turns up his eyes;
But t'other day his fervid hand
Grasp'd mine with heat of fire-brand;
But I'll not wait the base seducer,
Of kings and queens the foul traducer,
To Nova Zembla I would run.

JOE

JOE.

But if he points his great big gun.

MISS TAB.

Oh then he would indeed undo me,
I think I see the bear pursue me ;
What woman can withstand the brute,
A Venus I believe he'd shoot.

WIDOW.

Pray Miss, is this tyger married?
If single, still he has but tarried,
His spirit bold may still be tam'd,
And by an honest wife reclaim'd.

JOE.

Oh widow, widow, would you take him,
Your utmost care could never break him,
Within his fires are ever rumbling,
And Ætna's flame succeeds the grumbling ;
Semele once led by desire,
Was quite consum'd by Jove's hot fire ;
But TANDY's words explode like bombs,
Forbear,—no good of rashness comes.

WIDOW.

Of marriage I dont make a trade,
Of man was never yet afraid ;

But

But were I woo'd in voice of thunder,
I should, alas, I fear, knock under.

JOE.

Dear ma'am no fair one could withstand him
The Lord Lieutenant can't command him.

MRS. FREEMAN, (*to Miss*).

One ev'ning, Miss, as I was walking,
I heard him blasting at CLANDALKIN;
There was a boy, till then, quite dumb,
Who cried out, mammy, TANDY's drum!
And one poor fellow as he climb'd,
With mud exploded all begrim'd,
The jumping tree shook off his hose,
And left expos'd, his naked toes.

MISS TAB.

That ev'ning, ma'am, of dire portent,
I well remember that event—
The houses trembled at the sound,
And horrid tremors shook the ground,
While on my table danc'd the glasses,
As when a rattling carriage passes.

MRS. FREEMAN.

And at the thunder of his guns
My tea-pot, tea-cup, saucer, runs,

And

And ev'ry dire discharge that's made,
 They dance an ev'ning promenade;
 Nought can support his dreadful ire,
 With one bold look he'd quench that fire.

JOE.

I'd quell this tumult in a thrice,
 If folks would follow my advice;—
 Terror has banish'd your invention
 Assemble straight a great convention
 Of powder'd puppies, batter'd beaux,
 Of antique maidens, barren does,
 Of those who live on public money,
 Who ne'er want flies since daub'd with honey,
 All placemen, pensioners, police,
 Who pluck the people as their geese;
 Who in corruption of a court
 Like maggots feed, come, here resort;
 Come LEESON, prithee hither haste,
 And mix with belles as thou art chaste;—
 At ducal feasts thou hast presided,
 And treat'ry bonds will cull devided:
 Come march with bishops hand in hand,
 And loftiest ladies of the land—
 Safely thus thou may'st prevent
 The insult of thy parli'ment;
 Prerogative, there, who shall cry?
 For much I fear that stream's run dry.

There

There let some cully in his station,
 Roar out, hear ye, proclamation,
 " In priv'lege high we're hither come,
 " At beat of Major H——ts drum,
 " And hearing that the world's grown wise,
 " Which truly causes much surprize,
 " And say they wont be drove by fools,
 " Forgetting all our antient rules ;
 " Like cats, say they, tied by the tail,
 " They're hung across some lofty rail,
 " That here each winter we resort,
 " To feast our eyes with scratching sport :
 " Then some one of the oyster tells,
 " We eat the guts—they have the shells.
 " Know ye all men by these present,
 " Such rank sedition we here resent ;
 " But most of all your UNION damn,
 " *Fraternal Union's discord's flam,*
 " The nation sooner we will smother,
 " Than let one neighbour love another.
 " To TANDY—COX shall give our thanks,
 " For all these dev'lish trait'rous pranks ;
 " The Papists all he has converted,
 " And poor old Pope is quite deserted ;
 " This country once a land of saints,
 " No UNION knew—nor yet complaints ;
 " Religious fervor fir'd each heart,

E

" And

" And kept all sectaries apart.
 " Ah CLOYNE—thou priest of iron lungs
 " You once could rouse the clergys' tongues,
 " Forget'st thy duty, and thy wrongs,
 " While UNION cheers the peoples' songs.
 " From TANDY sprung this ardent blaze,
 " Soon may the hatchet end his days.
 " 'Tis Union which disturbs the nation,
 " It steals on ev'ry rank and station,
 " To check it—we'll apply the racks,
 " Else it may catch the *Castle-Hacks*.

" Who have the seeds of Union sown,
 " Henceforth as traitors we disown ;
 " And though the millions should commend,
 " This NAPPER TANDY as their friend,
 " Dragg'd with his fellows to our bar,
 " No more our market shall they mar."
 Thus may the *courtly mob* proclaim
 And folly blebs their noble fame.

CHEROKEE.

But Sir, though jestingly you speak,
 This UNION makes my vitals ache ;—
 That TANDY at the MUSIC-HALL,
 Assembles hundreds at his call,
 The RIGHTS OF MAN—is there—their bible,
 And

And Monarchy a downright quibble ;
 An auction there of kings he holds,
 At Emperors he rates and scolds ;
 No potentate—divine, or lay,
 Escapes his rancour for a day,
 And there he damns the Speaker's Summons,
 Though back'd by all the House of Commons.
 When murder happens by intrigue,
 Of PAINE and TANDY in a league,
 Untimely should a monarch fall,
 He has Te Deum in the hall.

MISS TAB.

There lawyers, doctors, surgeons meet,
 To render all his plots compleat.

MRS. FREEMAN.

Ne, he has wheedled accoucheurs,
 As aids to his accurst affairs ;
 At levee one I fear has dangled,
 Who the viceregal brat has strangled (a) ;
 If TANDY prospers thus, I grieve,
 No lordling can one season live.

MISS TAB.

Poor Countess ! you have rais'd my fears,
 May you escape to breed more peers.

E 2

'Twas

(a) It is plain the writer accuses Mr. Tandy of procuring the death of the Countess of Westmoreland's infant, which was still born.

'Twas TANDY stifled RUTLAND's breath,
And gave his youth a prey to death.

MRS. FREEMAN.

Oh she's cautious—tho' she's troubled,
The cent'ries at her gates are doubled,
A turnkey now her *lock* protects,
To keep off TANDY's plotting sects ;
From dusk 'till day no prying stranger,
May pass the Castle without danger (a).

JOE.

And should she want to wear a blister,
Or refreshment of a glyster,
GIFFARD she calls for—and *his Journal*,
His services may she return all.
And then I read in TANDY's looks,
Do GIFFARD give her fishing hooks.

CHEROKEE.

Lord protect our dear Sultana,
May she escape *Aqua Toffana*,
Yet be assur'd the real fact is
She'll scarce outlive this TANDY's practice,—
And

(a) This may serve to do away the surprise occasioned on observing
that the Castle-Gates were lately bar'd and bolted every evening.

And of his Privy Council doctors
Old Harry's aids and cunning proctors.

JOE.

That German whisky they can brew,
'Tis not like ours—its very new,
Yet of our stout a proper dose,
Would give a Countess good repose :
I swear poor TANDY would not quarrel,
Of either if she drain'd a barrel.
While home-brew'd whiskey meets abuse,
That water is of noble use,
Nectar of all royal palates,
And flavours well their princely fal'ets ;
Could Gustavus escape his *diet*,
A glass of this would keep him quiet.

MR. FREEMAN.

Oh then may TANDY fill his vaults,
Until our despots all get draughts ;
Sure Lethe's fountain never ran,
With greater blessings for poor man
Than this—haply it may cool
The heart—of ev'ry tyrant tool :
Puff'd with the arrogance of state,
And petulent in lordly prate.
Fell tyrants come by visitation

T'invert

T'invert the order of creation,
 And from the anxious parent wrest
 The care which suits a father's breast,
 To give his son a virtuous friend,
 And confidence to nonage lend ;
 For emulation quits the school,
 Where all submit to stern rule ;
 Where pertness plucks the wreath of science,
 Modest merit feels defiance ;
 When thus enslav'd the virtuous mind,
 Oppression how art thou refin'd !

MISS TAB.

Yet Sir he'd make a dreadful slaughter,
 Would he import this royal water,
 Spread devastation thro' the town,
 I dread th' effect—I freely own.

MR. FREEMAN.

No ma'am the guiltless know no fear,
 Nor deem they PAINE's good sense severe ;
 Their fellow-creatures love as men,
 Nor dread the lash of freedom's pen :—
 For pelf or pow'r they're never knaves
 What int'rest then in making slaves ?
 With these we war not—nor offend.
 The dust of patriot or of friend.

But

But those who drive in golden coach,
 Whose minds assail them with reproach,
 Who vulture-like extend their claws,
 To rend our ragged scraps of laws,
 Mock guardians of our common-weal
 What ills their sordid souls entail!
 Their precept is—" *to rule by force,*"
 Their practice—Satan knows no worse.
 Their government is proudly strong,
 In right divine of doing wrong.
 What though they shew a bold array,
 Within the miscreants feel dismay,
 For conscience, tho' her voice is small,
 Yes—" *conscience makes cowards of us all.*"

O - D E

ON A PAIR OF COMBUSTIBLE SMALL-CLOATHS,

ADDRESSED TO THE

S ——— r G ——— l.

GOOD Sir, you'll never gain the bench,
 You're treated like a jilted wench;
 Why lags viceregal favor now?
 Should gloom o'ercast your lively brow?
 I know I'm sure the *real cause*,
 Your knowledge would eclipse the laws.
 Oh MURRAY of our Irish bar (a) !
 Soon may you grace the *Golden Car*,
 Bulwark of your occupation !
 What ills betide your rank and station,
 I need not pray the pow'rful gods,
 To save you from rebellious rods.
 Sure you deal in transmigration !

T'escape

(a) The poet certainly means Murray—afterwards created Lord Mansfield, and Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, England.

T'escape the Commons conflagration,
 They say the Devil there stood Pander,
 And chang'd you to a salamander,
 And there *He* fought with NAPPER TANDY,
 Who went, to out the fire with brandy.
He fav'd you from the sturdy B——rs
 Who deal in weapons as tho' Cutlers.

A word let's have about the *Breeches*,
 Well known as *Irish*—by the stitches;—
 That *Breeches*—such in game of draft (a)
 Poor kings endanger by fly craft;
 That *Breeches*—which great England's glory—
 Will render infamous in story;—
 The stitches of *Kilmainham* hemp,
 Sew'd up by fell sedition's imp,
 That man—who keeps a pair of *bellows*
 To blow up treason 'midst all fellows.
 That *Breeches*—he it was who fram'd it
 And by the *cut*—*you* should have claim'd it,
He made it doubtless to fit you
 As nice as ever fate a shoe.
 A *Brimstone Breeches*—what a farce—
 To see it smoaking on your a——e;
 Lord how traitors could conspire,
 To set your *legal* rump on fire;

F

To

(a) The expert player at Drafts well knows the tenor of this allusion.

To roast your pretty *priv'leg'd* back ;
 How like a faggot would you *crack* !
 This method sure is past desiring
 Of laying in your *winter's firing*.
 I'm sure such dress you well might barter,
 For a comely *hempen garter*.
 If fate will not the *roast* avert,
 Th' exchange be yours—'tis *your desert*.
 Full well I ween all married men,
 May suffer by the pecking hen,
 And whether from TANDY, or the witches,
 You're doom'd by fate—to wear the *Breeches*,
 To see you *cloud-cap'd* in *thick smoke* !
 Good Sir—I tell you—'tis no joke.
 Though TANDY swears as merit goes,
 The strongest blast his bellows blows,
 Nor all the wood of Noah's Ark,
 Could yield of *fire*—the smallest spark ;
 If stifled by the sooty beams
 Which round your forehead feebly gleams :
 Or quench'd by all that filthy *froth*,
 Spued up in phrenzy of your wrath,
 As when you swore in House of Commons,
 To *drag him up* without a summons.
 —But soon may peniour give you rest,
 And anger quit your rankled breast.

Or

Or may you gain—the lofty bench,
 Then all *combustions* you may quench.
 While there you prattle like a daw
 In oracles of *common* law.

F I N I S.

[22]

Of many you find—many find
Then all find you may find
And there you find the same
In some of the same



BRITISH